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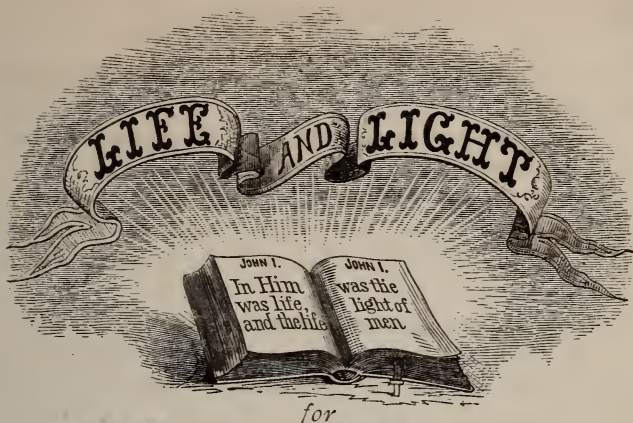
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for
Heathen Women.

VOL. II.

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INDIA.

RACHEL AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

BY MRS. CAPRON.

IN the latter part of the year 1865, which was very dismal to us because of the famine, my little children came in one day, saying, —

“Only think, mamma, the washer-man has bought a little girl for a rupee! He really has. We’ve seen her!”

It was not a strange idea, this buying a child. I had several times been asked to purchase a bright little girl; but that our drinking Mohammedan washer-man had bought a child did not seem so desirable a thing. There were beggars everywhere! I saw one greedily pick up watermelon rinds that had been thrown from our table. I had seen beggars look on with astonishment, to see my fowls fed with paddy. A little boy once ran in and out among the fowls, and picked up the kernels. There was

one poor woman, whose face began to grow familiar ; and I asked who it was.

“ It is a very poor woman, a beggar. She gets a little food at our house by sweeping, and such work.”

“ This is not wise,” I replied. “ It will not do for you to let such persons live here, and sleep out of doors these damp nights. If one comes, a hundred will come, and bring sickness among us.”

But the servants begged to let her stay, promising to allow no one else. So she staid ; and my busy little children soon found out that she was the grandmother of the little girl who had been sold to the washer-man for a rupee. “ This is not bad,” I thought : “ she will look after the child.” The child, trudging behind the washer-man with a little bundle of clothes, and the old woman, were familiar sights. The children had decided that the man was kind ; and, if the children were satisfied, I need not be troubled.

That was a long time ago ; and, in the mean time, the old grandmother has become very comfortable, and the little girl has been bought back again. A son of the old woman has come to live with her, and is very useful as a lascar in the care of the tent.

One day I thought I ought to look after the little girl myself : so I called her, and asked her if she would like to learn to read, and have God’s book all to herself, and learn about the way to heaven. She has a curious shrug of the shoulders when questioned. She shrugged them very high, and replied, —

“ Very much indeed. I’ve been waiting to have you call me.”

“ What is your name ? ”

“ My name is Râkey.”

Now, Râkey is a heathen name. I instantly thought Rachel would be a pleasant name for the pleasant child, while it would not trouble the old grandmother with a change. In Tamil, the

pronunciation giving *ch* the sound of *k* gives us the very slight change of Râkel.

So she came to school, and is now reading at prayers with us. Never did a child enjoy the gift of being taught more. It often makes us smile to see how proud she is of being able to read. She is very simple-hearted. The other day, the government vaccinator visited us in his rounds. I called Rachel to be vaccinated; and, after finishing his work, he asked for the names of the girls on whom he had operated. Rachel looked on with great satisfaction as he wrote names and dates. When her turn came, with a promptness very funny, she said to the man, —

“My name is Rachel. Spell it R-a” — Of course, she was interrupted by the laugh of the others, while the vaccinator gave her one of those amused and pleasant smiles that she receives so often. Last sabbath I called her, and said, —

“Rachel, you read very nicely now. I will give you some good little book to read, if you will tell me what you would like.”

She had the Gospel of St. John in her hand, and she held it affectionately to her breast.

“This is the best.”

“So I think,” I answered; “and, if you will read to your grandmother, it will do her good too.”

“Oh, yes! I always read to her on Sundays, and she understands my reading.”

Yes, indeed. She is delighted to listen to the child, whose soul, I fervently hope, is bought with the precious blood of Christ.

“A little child shall lead them.”

RACHEL'S GRANDMOTHER.

Yesterday, after the girls had gone from sewing, I remained, thinking to baste a little more work. Rachel's old grandmother

came limping along, — she is somewhat paralyzed in her limbs, — and dropped herself at my feet with evident satisfaction. I said a kind word about her getting on so comfortably during the dews ; but she had something on her mind. Edging up a little closer, she asked, —

“ Do you think after I die, God will let me go to heaven ? I keep thinking about it all the time.” It was a question asked in anxiety.

“ If you love his dear Son Jesus,” I replied : “ that’s the only name that will give us all a place in heaven.”

“ Rachel says, I must tell all the catechism ; and I learned ‘ Who made you ? — God.’ That I know nicely. Then it came, ‘ Who is God ? — The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. These three are one.’ I cried over that, trying to get it ; and I said, ‘ O God ! you only must teach me that ; for I don’t at all know what it means. I cried a good deal ; but Rachel says I have the words straight.”

“ You poor, dear old woman,” I thought : “ you are not the first one who has stumbled at the doctrine of the Trinity.” She evidently had ceased all effort to understand the Holy Ghost ; but asked me about the word used for Son, which is rather higher Tamil than the common word. She was pleased to find that the meaning was the same.

“ But I don’t know how God’s Son came. I know about Jesus Christ coming and dying ; but how did he come ? ”

Astonished and delighted at this poor old woman’s researches into the grand mysteries of redemption, I told her of the world lying in sin, waiting for a Redeemer. Oh ! it was grand to proclaim his humble birth, and his homeless life, to that poor old woman, who had gone starving to her grave, but for Him who said, “ Come, buy, without money, and without price ! ” I mentioned proof of his power ; but she needed no light upon his divinity. I then came to the story of the hatred of the rich, and the sympathy of the few poor. She well saw how a poor woman

could minister to the Lord of glory ; and it was beautiful to see her catch the idea, that the same spirit of devotion to him was the love which he asked. But the death, and the words, "It is finished," conveyed to her mind the idea of suffering for us so clearly, that it seemed to reflect back upon my own heart fresh views of the great scene.

"Would it be enough for many poor people's sins?" I asked.

"Enough for me," was her reply ; and then looking up at me, she said, "And you will say it is enough for you, won't you?"

"Yes," I answered : "I shall say, 'Jesus died for me.' I long to see him and thank him, and God will open wide the gates."

"Did He die like any man?"

"Yes," I replied. "He stopped breathing."

I then described the taking of him away, and the new tomb, and the going early in the morning.

But the resurrection ! No pen can describe the joy with which she listened. "He's alive ! He's alive !" she exclaimed with delight. It seemed to burst upon her like a flood of glory ; and, when I told her about the ascension, she was satisfied as to God's Son.

"He is there," she said to herself. "I've only got to wait till He tells me to die."

"But how are you going to love Him if you cannot see Him?" I asked.

"I can keep thinking about Him ; and I do that all the time." So saying, she got up and hobbled away to her work. And I ? I thought within myself, "This is the first time I have told the story of the cross *through* to a heathen !" Blessed privilege !

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

CHINA.

LETTER FROM MISS ANDREWS.

MISS ANDREWS, in a letter dated March 21, 1871, speaking of her labors in Tung Cho during the winter, says, —

“For some time after our return from the hills last summer, no places outside the city were open to us. The people were still excited over the trouble at Tientsin, and, fearing war, would have no intercourse with us. I gave my afternoons, therefore, to teaching the few women connected with our family, or the families of church-members.

MEETINGS AMONG THE WOMEN.

“About Thanksgiving time, the people began to change in their feelings toward us, inviting us again to their homes; and since then my time has been fully occupied. I address each new group of women, thinking that, very likely, I may never again have the opportunity of telling them of Jesus; and it makes me anxious to talk very simply, and only of the most important truths. I tell over and over again the ‘old, old story,’ which will never really grow old while a sinner remains to be saved. Many of the women listen to it eagerly, and seem drawn towards the Saviour: but whether it is that they have never felt their need of him, or that the things of the earth, the ‘what shall we eat, or wherewithal shall we be clothed?’ fill their hearts, so that there is no room for thought of the other world, I know not; but the seed appears lost, although I am assured that it is only lost to my sight, not to the Saviour’s. It is ‘cast on the waters;’ and I wait for the promise, ‘after many days.’

“Last fall, when so few places were open to me, I started three little weekly prayer-meetings for women, at places where I had the confidence of the people sufficiently to make it possible. One of them I was obliged to give up; but the others still con-

tinue, and are very pleasant. I am confident that this is a good way to work among them; because they not only hear the truth, but learn also how we worship our God, and especially about prayer, — a subject upon which I talk a great deal, because it seems very attractive to them. No wonder! it is such a contrast to their dead worship. The thought of a God to whom they may come at all times and places, with all their wants, — a God who loves them, and delights to listen to their prayers, — is very precious to these poor women. I hope to start one or two other meetings soon, but am obliged to work very cautiously. I dare not propose it at any house, unless quite sure that the people will consent; for, if they are unwilling, the simple proposition is sufficient to close the house, and perhaps the neighborhood, against me.

OPIUM-SMOKERS.

“On Saturday afternoon, our meeting is to be at the house of Mrs. Lee, who is not a church-member. She was one day on the street with a neighbor, Mrs. Chi, making purchases, when they were met by a woman who had been at our morning service, and who brought them in, saying, there was nothing to be afraid of here. They went into the chapel service in the afternoon, and were much interested; came again on the following sabbath, and, at their invitation, we visited them at their homes. Both of these women had been opium-smokers for many years, and were anxious to give up the habit. At their urgent request, I procured medicine to help them; and they have been taking it ever since, gradually reducing the quantity, till they will soon be able to give it up entirely. They say, too, that they have no longer any desire for opium.

“Shortly after beginning to listen to the truth, they both destroyed their idols, began to pray daily, and to learn to read. Mrs. Lee attends the sabbath services regularly, and is a most attentive listener. I have strong hope that she is a Christian: she is so anxious to serve the Saviour, and so willing to do every

duty, as soon as she learns it. Mrs. Chi seemed equally earnest for a time. Both she and her daughter, thirteen years of age, were making remarkable progress in reading ; but a petty persecution was begun on the part of one upon whom they are dependent for support, and they were obliged to give up all intercourse with us. They come in when they can, without its being known ; and the little girl can read and sing very well.

MRS. HOH.

“Just now, I am especially interested in a young widow, Mrs. Hoh, who has commenced attending the meetings. Her bright, pleasant face quite won my love the first time I saw her ; and she drinks in the truth with the simple earnestness and trust of a little child. She is learning to read rapidly, has given up burning incense, and is praying daily. I wait with great anxiety the result. Please pray for her, and all these women who have heard of Jesus, and have not yet accepted him.”

TURKEY.

THE BITLIS SCHOOL-HOUSE.

FROM Miss Charlotte E. Ely of Bitlis, we have the gratifying intelligence of the completion of a new school-house for women and girls. Of its erection she says, —

“On the morning of May 20, just as the sun was gilding the hill-tops, and lighting up the dark mountain steep, little groups of people, both Protestant and Armenian, came flocking to the chapel, to behold a scene never as yet witnessed in these mountain wilds, — the dedication of a school-house to the Lord. Not a word of reproach or insolence did we hear ; but all waited in respectful silence to discover what the mysterious rite should be. On the identical spot, where, not many years since, a cruel

tyrant gathered forced slaves to serve his despotic will, now assembled volunteer bands to set their seal to the building of a house, in which women and girls would be taught that they, as well as men, had souls ; and that the Saviour died to redeem them from their bondage to sin, and to set them ' as lively stones in his spiritual temple.'

"The meeting was opened by singing the hymn, 'What shall I offer to the Lord?' One of the missionaries read, 1 Cor. x. 31, Eccl. xii. 1, and Ps. cxliv. 12, with appropriate remarks. Prayer was then offered by one of the oldest members of the congregation. It was a touching sight to see that aged man, who, a few months previous, had never been known to speak or pray in meeting, now, since the precious revival, prompt to lift up his voice in behalf of the sacred cause. Several others followed. One poor blind man prayed that every atom of stone, earth, wood, or water, used in the building, might represent a soul new-born through its instrumentality. The pastor said, 'Such a thing as dedicating a school-house was never heard of here before.' He added, 'We shall die ; but this building will remain, — a beacon-light. Let this day be memorable in all our minds ; and most happy are those who shall come to be educated here. It is a blessing in store for generations to come.' After other remarks and prayers, all repaired to the site, a few yards beyond the chapel ; and, as the corner-stone was laid, we sang, 'Let the sons of Zion rejoice.' The concluding prayer, offered by the pastor, was exceedingly appropriate and impressive. I well remember the expression in it, 'Let this house beget thousands of its kind.' As the motley crowd dispersed, we did not hear a single derisive word : even the Armenians said, 'Surely this thing is of God.'

"Owing to the departure of one of our two missionary families for America, and the consequently increased burden upon the one who remained, sister and I assumed the oversight of the building. It was no light task, I assure you ; but we felt that

it was an important part of the Master's work, and cheerfully undertook it. A native brother acted as overseer; and his prompt efficiency relieved us as much as possible from unnecessary care. When the second story was fairly under way, a Turkish neighbor began to grumble, and threaten that we should not be allowed to open any windows on the west side of the house, for the reason that not only a part of the outer walls of his house might be seen, but actually a little distance into the windows. Fortunately for us, the most active disturbances occurred at the time of our annual meeting, when, through the kindness of the missionaries, the case was brought before the authorities, and our uncivil neighbor forcibly silenced by the decision that we had a right to open windows there if we pleased. The work went forward as successfully as we had dared to expect; and, before the 1st of November, the house and the enclosing wall were completed.

"The building contains four rooms: a kitchen and store-room below, schoolroom and sleeping-room above; also an additional wing-room below, which it is expected a warden will occupy. The roof of the latter forms a nice portico, indispensable here, as the snow falls to such a depth as to prevent the scholars from having a place for exercise, unless protected by a roof. The rooms are plastered with clay; the two upper ones having an additional coating of white plaster, and are also furnished with ventilators. The upper floors are laid with flag-stones, as is also a part of the kitchen; the others are of earth. In short, it is a perfectly plain, substantial house, well built, having native doors, fastenings, and indeed every thing according to native ability to construct, except the glass in the upper windows. Will any one judge us extravagant for wishing to have glass windows in our school room?"

The "Woman's Board" donated five hundred and twenty-five dollars for the "Bitlis School-house," and have assumed the support of the teachers and pupil.

LETTER FROM MISS SEYMOUR.

Miss Seymour wrote from Harpoot, March 21, giving a very interesting account of the dedication of a new chapel, to which we invite attention, particularly to the self-denying efforts of the native women.

She stated as follows: "The church at Harboosee, five hours distant from Harpoot, sent an invitation to the missionaries here to be present at the dedication of their new chapel last sabbath. Mr. Wheeler concluded to go, and invited Miss Bush and myself to accompany him. We accepted the invitation; and, for the first time, my dear associate and I have been to a village together.

"Our preparation consisted in donning our touring-clothes, which we keep for such occasions only, taking a comforter and pillow for each, our rubber suits in case of rainy weather, and a few other conveniences, which we packed in a large leather bag. Mrs. Wheeler did not forget to slip in a box of bread and cakes, which never come amiss at such times. We reached Harboosee just at dark. Quite a delegation of brethren met us near the village; and after many cordial hand-shakings and salutations of 'You have well come!' 'A thousand welcomes!' we alighted from our horses in front of the new chapel, where a meeting was already in progress.

"After the services, the sisters crowded around Miss Bush and myself, and gave us a most unmistakable welcome. These women may indeed feel an honest pride in their new house of worship, for they had no inconsiderable hand in its building. The pastor told us, that, during its erection, the women, after finishing their day's labor — they could not neglect their work without hunger staring them in the face — would spend the evening into the night, carrying on their backs large baskets filled with earth, with which to make the walls of the new building.

“The walls of the chapel are still of earth color, as the brethren feel that they have gone to the extent of their ability without whitening them ; and, as is almost universal here, oiled paper was substituted for glass in the windows. The cost of the building was sixteen thousand piastres, or six hundred and fifty dollars in gold, of which the American Board, through its representatives here, gave a hundred and twenty ; and, better than all, the church was dedicated without a debt. It was, indeed, a joyful day for the good pastor and his people.

“The man selected to be our host led the way to his home, but seemed quite disconcerted, when, on our arrival there, we preferred a small cold room to the spacious stable, where he had expected to entertain us. We stuffed cushions into the windows, through which cold winds came rushing without let or hinderance. Our host put beds on the earthen floor, on which we were soon seated, enjoying a cup of tea and the contents of our tin box. We spent a pleasant evening, talking and singing with the women who came to see us.

“Five pastors from neighboring churches, besides a number of preachers from adjoining villages, were present at the exercises on the sabbath. We went to a meeting at sunrise ; and at ten o’clock Miss Bush and I had a meeting with the women in the chapel. I counted a hundred and sixty women present, not including the girls and children. All gave good attention. After speaking to them ourselves, we invited the wives of the pastors to say a few words, also the good wife of the deacon in Hoghi. Our pastor’s wife, about fifteen years of age, very pretty and very dignified, notwithstanding her youthfulness, spoke of her pleasure at seeing so many women before her ; that so large a company should come together in one place, she said was no remarkable thing, but that so many in Harboosee should assemble in God’s house with one heart and one thought, filled her soul with joy. These pastors’ wives were all educated in our seminary. I could not forbear expressing my gratification

to Miss Bush, again and again, at seeing our women and girls. One could very easily pick them out from the crowd, by the difference in their dress and demeanor.

“ An hour after our meeting with the women, the dedication-services were held. Mr. Wheeler preached the sermon ; and a stirring and impressive one it was, from the words, ‘ I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord.’ While he was speaking of the joy of those who love the sanctuary, little birds were constantly flying through the open windows, circling to and fro through the upper parts of the chapel. More than once, David’s words in another Psalm were brought to mind, when he longed for the blessedness of communion with his God in these earthly courts, — ‘ Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young. even thine altar, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God !’

“ Mr. Wheeler congratulated the people that the house was the Lord’s and theirs, and did not belong to the American Board. He did not forget to pay a tribute to the zeal and self-denial of the women. He gave the people some practical counsel, which would sound rather strangely to an audience at home. One thing he urged upon them was, that they should try to keep their new chapel clean. A very appropriate closing hymn was composed by Mr. Wheeler, just before the dedication-services, and was sung to the tune, ‘ Sweet Hour of Prayer.’

“ During the exercises, the house was filled to overflowing. Small children were put up in the ample window-seats ; the gallery to its edge — there was no railing to keep them from falling off — was packed with women ; and even the rounds of the ladder leading up to the gallery, served as sitting-places for these zealous sisters. I was quite interested to see with what agility they mounted this ladder ; some running up with a child on the back, or dragging one with them, as if it were no feat at all. Just before dark we had communion-service. We were too tired,

from sitting on the floor through the protracted services, and from constant talking through the intermission, to enjoy this blessed privilege as we otherwise should ; still, Jesus was present at the feast, and revealed himself to our hearts. Again, after tea, we were seated on the floor, with a room full of women around us : we talked and sang till we had no voices left. I bless God for that hymn, ‘ Come to Jesus.’ We have it translated into Armenian, and its repetitions make it an easy hymn to sing for those who cannot read.”

AN ARMENIAN WEDDING.

From Kessab, Miss Wood writes, —

“ This morning, Miss Powers and I received an invitation to attend an Armenian wedding in a little village about an hour’s ride from this place. We started at half-past eight ; and, as we drew near the house, the ‘ ruler of the feast ’ (John ii. 9) came out to welcome us, and conducted us to the bridegroom’s mother, who greeted us with a kiss on both cheeks. The native women who were with us kissed the bridegroom, — a part of the ceremony which we omitted ; and we were then ushered into the room where the priest and many friends had assembled.

“ The house was a low one, made of stone and mud, without windows, with only doors and cracks to admit the light ; yet it was quite large, well swept, and furnished with mats and cushions. A meal-bin partitioned off a portion from the main part of the room, which was to be the bride’s new home. The wife always lives with her husband’s family, and she cannot speak to her mother-in-law until permission is given ; and sometimes years pass away before that time comes.

“ But to return to our wedding. The father and mother were in rags ; and some of the guests were in a still worse condition : the maimed, the halt, and the blind were there. About thirty having gone to bring the bride from another village, those who remained commenced feasting on rice boiled in oil, soup,

and bread. Their table consisted of a large straw plate, about three feet in diameter, placed on the floor; and as many as can sit around it, eat from the same dish with wooden spoons; of course, the one who has the larger spoon, and uses it the more dexterously, the better appeases his appetite. It was a real pleasure to see some of the poor old women satisfied for once. Children, too, of every age and color, and in any amount of rags, were made glad. About twelve o'clock, the bride not having arrived, it was thought best to provide a dinner for our party, consisting of Miss Powers, a native teacher, our man-servant, and myself. When ready, our table was placed upon a peck-measure, so that we could sit near it more comfortably. The servant, who is a Protestant, asked a blessing, and then we tried to eat. Before us were fried eggs, rice cooked in oil, sour milk, some clear oil, in which meat had been cooked, prepared for us to eat with bread. This bread, of about the consistency of leather, we tore off and dipped it in any thing we pleased, making it serve the purpose of plate, knife, and spoon. For dessert we had a sort of honey, made of grape-juice, walnuts, and figs.

"In due time, the firing of a gun announced that the bridal procession was in sight. At this point, the mother-in-law commenced dancing to the music of clapping of hands and singing; then she started out to meet the marriage-party, carrying an old earthen dish, from which smoke was issuing, said to be burning incense. The bride, closely veiled, was sitting on a horse, from which she would not dismount until she had received the promise of a present from her husband's family. She was taken into the house; and the priest called upon all present to bring their gifts, for each one of which, as he gave them to her, she would kiss his hand. After he had made a prayer, and blessed her, she was led to the little room behind the meal-chest, and left with her friends. Attention was next turned to the bridegroom and groomsmen; and various ceremonies were performed over them.

"Then the couple were brought together out of doors: the

priest joined their hands, placed their heads together, as they stood facing each other, and, while the groomsman held a drawn sword over their heads, read a long service. Wine was brought; and when the priest had separated heads and hands with the Bible, the bride was led into the house. Being special guests, we were invited to go with her to her room, while another dinner was being served outside.

“We soon took leave of the company; and what more occurred I know not, only this, — that, after the event, the happy husband must call and partake of the hospitality of every one of his relatives. All of the bride’s friends remain at home, weeping and bewailing her loss; and she herself must weep all she can, and say not a word to any one.”

LETTER FROM MISS BUSH.

The following account of a day of fasting and prayer in our school in Harpoot, received from Miss Bush, will show her many friends how pleasantly and efficiently, though scarcely six months on the ground, she is taking her place among our missionaries there: —

“When a day for fasting and prayer in the school was appointed, I feared, that, through my weakness in the language, I should not be able to take part with Miss Seymour in her efforts to speak personally with the pupils on spiritual subjects; and yet my heart longed to engage in the work. I felt that the day would be utterly lost to me, unless my soul could be warmed and refreshed by sweet converse with those in whose salvation we felt such an interest

“With many misgivings, I called little Kohar first to my room. She is a gentle, quiet girl, obedient, and an industrious scholar. I was surprised to see how easily the conversation turned upon the subject of her spiritual state. She told me that she had longed to labor for Christ last winter, and often

wept, because she could not teach, and engage in direct work for him. She expressed herself as having a hope in Christ, loving prayer, and desiring to be faithful. I trust she is one of the Saviour's lambs.

“Next came our Koordish Amy, with whom I had a sweet, long talk. I wish you could see her: she is tall, with dark hair and eyes, and dark complexion. When she first came here last winter, she was in the primer, but now is studying geography and arithmetic; and her schoolmates testify, that she is always at work on her lessons. The other day, she read her first composition before the school. It was on ‘Bread,’ and sounded much like the ‘maiden effort’ of many a young school-girl in the home-land, though in such a different language. One day last week, Amy broke one of our rules by whispering unintentionally; and that was one of her griefs, which she poured into my ear during our conversation. She said she always wanted to do right, and she did not mean to whisper. Then she prayed, and besought the Lord to make her always obedient to her beloved ‘varzherhees’ (teachers), and seemed much grieved to think she had been careless. We can see a great change in her since last year. She is a gentle, dignified, self-possessed girl, with a heart full of love for her teachers and schoolmates. When she first came, she seemed to have an idea that the frequent opportunities for prayer, the study of God’s Word, and the good influences thrown about her, all made her a Christian immediately; but now, we believe, she knows something of heart-religion, and is truly one of Christ’s own dear children. I asked her if she did not see the difference herself; and she gave a hearty reply in the affirmative.

“Dear little Bradashan (answer) next responded to my call. She has left in her home a praying father, and shows her Christian training. A quiet, gentle girl she is, with a shade of sadness in her sweet face. I doubt not, it comes from a lack of that assurance of acceptance with God for which she longs,

though we do not doubt she is the Lord's. The tears came into her eyes, as she said, 'It gives me always great sorrow that I am not able truly to know whether I am a Christian or not.'

"Eva, the dear woman, who, to show her affection, always presses our hands until they ache, next came, and spoke of the joy she felt in Christ. Only a few weeks ago, we had the pleasure of seeing her made a member of the church in Harboosee; and we believe her name is written in heaven.

"One of the most interesting conversations I had during the day was with Zartoochee, who spoke so much Turkish, and had her face so bound up, that I could only now and then catch a word; but she showed such feeling and humility, that I was greatly pleased. She and her husband are new-comers, their home being in Chemisgesek, a distant village. She spoke with sorrow of her tendency to become angry, of her ignorance and weakness. She was troubled, too, about her oldest son, whose grandmother is very much opposed to the truth, and insists upon keeping the boy away from the influence of his Christian father, that he may not become a Protestant.

"I have often thought, that we little know the heart-aches that these poor women and girls have, on account of home troubles. Most of them have parents, or brothers and sisters, who are not Protestants, or, if Protestants, not Christians. Every afternoon, at their fifteen-minutes' prayer-meeting, after school, earnest supplications ascend for their dear friends. At these precious little gatherings, too, I have heard the petition offered, that the Lord would teach *me* how to pray in *Armenian*."

A recent letter from Miss Seymour, the associate of Miss Bush, says, "The longer we live and work here, the more we are assured that the good Father brought us together. We both feel that never had teachers better scholars,—more uniformly conscientious, loving, obedient, and studious, than are these Armenian women and girls."

THE BROOSA SCHOOL.

Miss Ursula Clarke, writing from Broosa, April 7, reports the annual examination of her school :—

“ The exercises were held, as usual, in our great hall, which was profusely decorated with ivy-wreaths, flowers, and all the pictures in the house ; and, to my partial eyes, seemed quite as lovely as the dear old Seminary Hall, at South Hadley, when garnished for anniversary ; but I thought, after all, as I sat looking at the rows of bright faces, that my girls alone would enliven any place.

“ The audience, of some eighty or ninety, was composed largely of Armenians, parents and friends of the girls ; many of whom were from the most influential families of the community, and whose presence gave great *éclat* to the occasion. The scholars did admirably, being much less embarrassed than at previous exhibitions. The singing was excellent, all the hymns being new and appropriate ; while Miss Richardson gave us the benefit of her musical skill at the organ. The assembly was quiet and interested during the long session of four and a half hours ; and altogether the examination was a decided success, and we look for good fruits from it, in accessions to our number at the opening of a new term. I already have the promise of two additional pupils. One was in school last year ; but her parents took her out to work in the factory, and she is now coming back, the happiest child I ever saw. The other is a bright Armenian girl, whose mother has been urging me for more than a year to take her, free of expense. This I was not ready to do ; and now, the mother says, she will pay ten piasters a month ; and I am delighted to give the other five. Thus, slowly, we are gaining ground ; and every new pupil gives us a hold, not only upon her own family, but upon others with which they are connected, all of whom we can talk with on religious subjects.”

PERSIA.

LETTER FROM KHARTOON.

WE are indebted to Miss Rice for the translation of a letter received by her from one of her pupils in Oroomiah : —

“ Oh ! my heart is melting within me, and my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. Oh ! what shall I say ? What shall I say about this bitter message, that Miss Rice is sick, and will not come this year ? Goolmas was here at work, and she heard before I did, and told me. Then I went to Miss Dean lady, and asked if it was true ; and she, with a sorrowful face, said, ‘ Yes, Khartoon.’ A great crying caught me when Miss Dean lady told me ; and I went that bitter night, and threw myself on my bed, upon the floor. As Jacob wrestled with the angel, and would not let him go until he blessed him, so all that night I was beseeching my Father in heaven, who makes alive and who kills, who opens the way and who closes it, that he would open your way to come, in the spring, to this country.

“ I think, perhaps, you are anxious to know what my earthly condition is. My trials are just as before ; and my sorrow is increased, because, to the missionary, I have given much trouble. Many cold words, and not of love, he has heard of me. On account of this, I grieve much ; and, if I leave, where shall I go ? I have no home, and am left all alone. My neck is crooked. If I go, I shall still be a source of trouble to the missionary. Oh ! what shall I do ? It seems to me that every door is locked against me. On this account, dark clouds have surrounded me, and many showers from my eyes are falling. Like Job, I want to say, ‘ Cursed be the day on which I was born.’ Again, the giving of comfort to me from the Lord is this, ‘ Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh,’ and ‘ every tear he shall wipe away.’ I beseech you to remember me in your

prayers. I admire Miss Dean lady, and can talk freely with her. She shows me much love, and is very pleasant to me. Give my salutations to your mother, to your brothers and sisters, and to your dear friends; and give my peace to the lady who sent me the package. Praised be God for that chain of love, which, by the death of his Son, has bound us together as sisters in Christ. Though in a distant country, it constrained her to send me this gift. I, too, wish to send her a token of my love as soon as there is opportunity. If you please, tell her to remember me in her prayers, that I may be a sincere Christian, and in heaven may see her. Good by, my beloved.

KHARTOON OF GOOLPATALY, KHAN.

AFRICA.

GENERAL MEETING.

BY MRS. A. GROUT.

GENERAL meeting is the term we apply to the Annual Meeting of the Zulu Mission in Natal. This meeting is usually holden at some one of the stations, having been appointed months previously; and all, parents and children, are expected to be present. If the meeting is to be held at a station near one extremity of the mission, then those living at the other must travel a hundred and twenty miles or more to reach the place. But we have no railways as yet, and must prepare our large covered ox-wagons, as vehicles for conveying the different families, with their beds, food, cooking-utensils, and clothes. Some, both male and female, ride on horseback, and can often procure lodgings at the homes of their friends on the way.

It generally takes several days to fit out a wagon; for it must occupy some time to perform the journey, our span of twelve

oxen not being able to travel more than twenty-five miles in a day. This requires an extra amount of cooking to supply, not only our families, but our native driver and leader of the oxen, besides one or two others.

Previous to the fitting out of the wagon, is the labor of the mother in preparing each member of her family; cutting, turning, and altering garments, so that they may be decently dressed when all come together.

Are we sure that we have every thing necessary? We think so, and we get in, and take our seats on the front of the bed, which has been made up on a frame suspended in the wagon, and travel three or four hours; when the gentlemen having ridden on horseback, and probably found a desirable place to "span out," where there is good grass and water, halt. The tired oxen are turned loose to graze, one boy goes for wood, and another for water. The kettle is soon boiling, a delicious cup of tea or coffee ready; and sitting either in the front part of the wagon, or on a mat spread upon the green grass, we heartily enjoy our meal of bread and butter and cold meat.

Having rested two or three hours, the oxen are "inspanned;" and, after placing every thing carefully away, we pursue our journey. When night comes, we stop, prepare fire and food, and, if in a convenient place, have family devotions, close the curtains in front and behind, and lay ourselves down to sleep. Thus we travel till we arrive at our place of destination. Then what friendly greetings! Some have not met since last general meeting; and many are the exclamations at the wonderful growth of children, and other changes.

We begin to look about us, rather anxious to see what disposal our good brother and sister will make of us all; for we missionaries are fifty or more, including children: we are surprised to find what comfortable little sleeping-places are prepared in every nook and corner, not only in the dwelling-house but in the out-buildings. One room is sufficient for a family; and, as

they have their bbd in the wagon, it is easily transferred to the house. The older girls occupy an apartment by themselves, and the boys find a good resting-place in the vacated wagons. After a short time, each lady is called upon for spoons, cutlery, table-linen, and teapots, which she has brought for general use : the crockery having been borrowed from some merchant or neighbor. Soon comes the ringing of the tea-bell ; and all bend their steps toward the tables, which are set in a tent or schoolroom, according to the pleasure of the hostess. Our sister has called to her aid some of the most experienced of the native women and girls, besides a good native man, so that she may enjoy the meeting.

This is Wednesday evening ; and a meeting for organization is held, after which all retire to rest from the fatigues of the journey.

The brethren have much business to attend to, till the close of the meeting on the following Monday morning ; and while they are thus engaged, the ladies have mothers'-meetings, and gatherings for prayer every day. We report the state of our children, of the native-womens' meeting, which we sustain weekly at each station ; and speak also of our trials and encouragements. On two or three occasions, we hold meetings with our children, when they recite what had been given them to learn ; and the older ones read compositions on some biblical subject. The young people often meet together for singing.

I pass over many of the exercises, — those of the English and Zulu sermons on the Sabbath, and the communion season, when native converts who are present unite with us. The last exercise is on Sabbath evening, when all assemble, forgetting their business and differences of opinion. Then each brother opens his heart ; and there is a flowing together, and mingling of sympathies, a love for one another, and for the blessed work in which we are engaged.

Our Work at Home.

PUBLIC MEETING. — ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

THE chapel of Mt. Vernon Church proved insufficient to accommodate the numbers who gathered on the morning of the 1st of June, to attend the meeting of the "Woman's Board." After some delay, occasioned by an effort to provide extra seats, the meeting was called to order by Mrs. Bowker, who, after the audience had united in singing, read from the Scriptures, and invited Mrs. Dr. Anderson to offer prayer. The Scripture selection was from the 22d of 2 Kings; and the president, in a unique, effective, and brief address, spoke of woman's rights and true sphere as portrayed in the example of Huldah.

Like elements of character are needed in the church to-day: Christian women, who, while pattern wives, mothers, and house-keepers, study carefully the Word of God; and, looking out upon a "world lying in wickedness," inquire, "Watchman, what of the night?" "What of the dawn?" and, uprising to meet their coming Lord, are found equal to the demands of this wonderful age of womanly opportunities.

Miss Abbie B. Child, home secretary, reported progress in that department as follows: "Every week brings us tidings of new auxiliaries starting into life in various parts of the land. Earnest Christian women, in quiet hillside villages, seize a few hours from their busy lives, to stimulate their neighbors to activity in this new field of labor. One of these, rich in love and faith, if not in this world's goods, writes, 'It gave me great pleasure to obtain subscribers for LIFE AND LIGHT last year; and I propose to do the same this year, if possible. My

circumstances are humble ; and my husband, being an invalid, requires numberless little attentions : yet I need not confine myself wholly at home ; and, as soon as I can snatch half a day from domestic employments, the glad labor for the Lord shall be performed. Please save me fourteen copies of the dear Quarterly ; and the Lord being my helper, I will obtain the money, even should it be two months before I can get it all.'

"Others, turning aside from the turmoil of city life, give us the benefit of their self-denying efforts as well as the contents of well-filled purses. A worker of this class reports as follows : 'Our auxiliary has now about four hundred members, and we have collected between two and three hundred dollars. Should every cent be lost, it has done us good to raise it ; for the gift of even a half-dollar has its influence on Christian character.' In a church of colored people, who pay the small salary of their minister with great difficulty, one of the women who supports her family by going out washing brought in her money yesterday, having obtained ten subscriptions ; and she thought she could soon procure more. She asked if she might take so small a sum as ten cents ; 'for some folks were very poor, but wanted to give something.'

"Our branch society in Philadelphia, formed a year ago, where the churches of our denomination are few and weak, held its first annual meeting on the 3d of April, under the most favorable auspices. Through the efficiency of their auxiliaries and mission-circles, they have been enabled to assume the support of Miss Proctor, and her school of thirty Christian pupils, at Aintab.

"We are happy, also, to report a deepening interest among the mission-circles. Little hearts have been earnest in the cause ; and little hands have been busily, though quietly at work, as shown by the results of three sales during the past few weeks, netting over a thousand dollars to our treasury. New circles are forming, sweet little blossoms on the parent trees, from which we expect much future fruit."

Mrs. Bartlett, treasurer, made a statement of receipts since January, when interesting extracts from correspondence were given by Mrs. Winslow, corresponding secretary, Mrs. L. E. Caswell, and Mrs. Edwin Wright. As the latter closed the story of "Rachel's Grandmother," found on the first pages of this number, the audience, sharing the joy of the old grandmother, that "Jesus lives!" rose and sung with great animation, the following hymn, —

"Let every creature rise and bring."

Mrs. Ballantine and Mrs. Fairbanks, mother and daughter, were here introduced to the audience, — the former having spent thirty years in Bombay and Ahmednugger, whence she returned in widowhood some years since. Her daughter, Mrs. Fairbanks, was earnestly commended to the prayers of those present, as she was soon to return with her husband and three children to their distant field of labor.

Though neither made any address, their silent testimony spoke volumes. The chastened dignity of the elder indicated alike a life of discipline and firm adherence to the cause espoused in her youth; while the bright and cheerful exterior of the younger showed that missionary work brought its meed of joy as surely as any other.

A communication was read from Mrs. Grout, giving a lively description of an annual meeting at the Zulu mission, which was followed by an address by Miss West.

Miss West commenced by paying an affectionate tribute to her mother, who was also a prophetess [teacher]; her name by a pleasing coincidence being Huldah. Her consistent piety was ever a sweet savor; not only in her family, but her prayers of faith had without doubt been instrumental in causing revival influences upon the Church at home, and upon some fields abroad. Alluding to the pleasant visit to Africa made with Mrs. Grout,

Miss West invited the audience to go with her to Turkey, and attend a similar gathering of their mission ; characterized by the same cordial greetings, affectionate intercourse, and profitable discussion of matters pertaining to missionary life.

A fitting close to the meeting was the reading of an appeal to Christian mothers, prepared by Mrs. Chapin of Tung Cho, for an auxiliary at Rutland, Vt., who had generously proposed to circulate it throughout the State ; but as Mrs. Chapin had so recently left the country, it was reiterated as her farewell utterance to us all. She said, "In behalf of millions of heathen mothers I pray you hear me. Returning to this land a few months since, after a seven years' absence, I have been filled with gratitude, courage, and hope, as I have met hundreds of you in your missionary gatherings, and seen the work to which Christian women are now bringing so much zeal, love, and faithful labor. Your prayers have warmed and cheered me ; and your sympathy has gone deep down into my heart. I have seen some of you cheerfully forego jewels, laces, and beautiful things in your homes, that you might have more for the treasury of the 'Woman's Board ;' and many of you, I doubt not, would double your contributions, and still ask sincerely, 'What lack I yet ?'" But oh, my sisters, bear with me while I say, you have not done all ! Some of you are holding back God's best gift, and that which he has a right to ask of you, — your own children. I entreat you to consider that our Saviour's last command to his disciples is as binding as ever it was, and binding upon you and me. . . . But you say, 'Our daughters are not particularly interested in missionary work.' *Why are they not interested ?* Have you sought to interest them in it ? Many a successful missionary has said, 'My mother took me to the missionary meetings. She consecrated me to the work from my birth. She prayed with me in her closet, that God would lead me just where I could most glorify him.' My sisters, have you done this ? Have you made the perishing world a part of your

mothers' talk? Do you know any other way in which our heathen sisters can be brought to Christ? And are you not, in withholding your daughters from this service, withholding salvation from those for whom Christ died? Some of you have asked, if the work is really now waiting. I hasten to answer, Yes: to such an extent that we who stand in the midst of it stretch out imploring hands to you for help. O mothers! my heart goes out to you in one yearning farewell cry, Be faithful! With God's blessing *you* make the missionaries. You can so pray and so give, that the feeble band shall become a strong army."

The appeal of Mrs. Chapin, of which we have given only a part, was heard with the most earnest attention to its close, when Mrs. Bowker offered a few remarks enforcing the lessons of the hour; and the meeting was closed by singing the doxology.

Mrs. J. A. COPP, *Rec. Sec.*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS from April 1 to July 1, including subscriptions for quarterlies, \$8,214.58. Since Jan. 1, including subscriptions for quarterlies, \$20,715.93.

For details, see *Missionary Herald* for April, May, and June.

L. F. B.

TO PATRONS.

No apology is needed in reminding our subscribers that prompt payments are absolutely necessary to the success of this publication. Drops make the ocean.



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CEYLON.

LETTER FROM MISS HILLIS.

THE following extracts from a letter of Miss Hillis to the Grinnell Woman's Missionary Society will give an idea of her circumstances and work. She writes from Oodoopitty, Feb. 12, 1871.

“ When I wrote last, I think I had just matured plans for work at Panditeripo, and was teaching in the English school at Batticotta. I went to Panditeripo twice a week, meeting the children on Friday afternoon, and the women on the Sabbath.

At first only the Christian women attended, as we met in the sitting-room of the old mission-house. The heathen seldom enter a church, or come on the mission premises to attend a religious service, though there is no prejudice among them attending the same meeting if held in a bungalow or a native's house. By going to a church they lay themselves open to suspicion, and are subject to persecution, or at least ridicule, to which they are very sensitive. As they would be polluted by contact with Christians, if they are of good caste, they would be obliged to perform certain ceremonies of purification. I tried to bring in some coolie women, but without success.

“Afterwards the plan of holding the meetings at houses in the village was tried, and proved very successful. The first time about twenty heathen were present, besides children. There were never less than six; and once the number was twenty-five, none of whom could have been induced to go to a church.

“The Christian women were more efficient than I had dared to hope, being very earnest in efforts to bring in others, and in trying to make the meetings interesting. Two had been educated in the mission-school when English was taught, and one was a very good interpreter.”

The effect of the climate has been such upon the health of Miss Hillis as to render it necessary for her to give up, for a time, all out-of-door work. This is a great trial to her. At the time of writing she was taking charge of the girls' school at Oodoopitty, during Miss Townsend's absence.

INDIA.

LETTER FROM MISS TAYLOR.

WE are permitted to make the following extracts from a letter written by Miss Taylor to a Sabbath school in Ohio. The letter is dated, Pulney Hills, April 17, 1871. After speaking

in general terms of the improvement in her school, both in the number and character of the pupils during the year past, she says, —

“One of our new scholars was a girl of fifteen, with whom Miss Pollock became acquainted in one of the villages, and who was persuaded by her to come to school. When we took her in September, she could only read words of one syllable : but such was her eagerness to learn, that she would pick up any book, and spell out words in it ; so that in November, she was able to read quite smoothly from the New Testament at morning prayers. She is a good singer, too, and has committed to memory many of the beautiful Christian lyrics.

“I have been much perplexed often by the apparent lack of a sense of sinfulness, and sorrow for sin, in those pupils who wish to unite with our church ; but such an experience is very rarely seen in this country. When, however, I find them trying to control their angry passions, fond of reading the Bible, and seeking opportunities for secret prayer, I hope I am not mistaken in thinking that they have been born again.

“There are two or three boys in whose hearts I trust a work of grace has been begun. I noticed a great change in their deportment, and found that they were reading their Bibles in course. All the boys have been interested the last year in going to heathen villages to read and sing to those who gather about them. The high-caste men listen with interest.

“Once, when another missionary teacher was spending a few days in a village about five miles from our station, I took the girls with me Saturday, and joined her there. I travelled in an ox-cart, the girls following on foot, and running to keep up, most of the way, much pleased with their liberty.

“We found the tent pitched under a group of banyan-trees. The girls dispersed in companies of two or three, talking and reading to those who came to gaze at such bright, tidy young women.

“In the afternoon, we were invited to the house of a high-caste man. While I went in, and talked to a crowd of women, the young helpers remained outside on the veranda. Here they soon drew an interested audience, attracted by the sight of girls not only knowing how, but having the audacity to read. The singing so charmed the listeners, that five or six lyrics were sung by request. There were several men in the crowd; and, while one of the girls was reading from a well-written tract on their idols, a man remarked that that was not so pleasant as singing, and suggested a change. ‘But,’ she said, ‘I paid no attention, and read on till I finished the chapter.’

“My object in taking the scholars with me to the villages is, that they may acquire confidence in themselves, so that when at home among their own people, they may be willing to read to them. So we tax our ingenuity for ways and means to reach these darkened minds, and ‘sow beside all waters,’ hoping the seed will somewhere find favorable soil.”

LETTER FROM MISS RENDALL.

Miss Rendall also writes from Pulney, under date of April 26, 1871. She refers to her journey and to the character of the place thus:—

“I must tell you of our long tour to Pulney, which we took last month, — my first experience of a long tour, — the distance being forty-seven miles. We went in a bullock-bandy of two wheels, at the rate of three miles an hour, or sometimes not more than two. This slow rate makes travelling very tiresome.

“The town of Pulney has ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. It is a most sacred place, containing several temples, and thousands of people flock there yearly, at the great feasts, to worship the gods.

“We visited the most sacred temple. It is built upon a very high rock. We could enter all parts of it, except the holy

of holies, where the god is kept; into which only the priests can go. They lighted some large torches, however, which made the horrid images quite apparent. How human beings can worship such hideous objects is beyond comprehension. The principal god is said to be a famous hunter, and descends the mountain almost every night, equipped with darts and other weapons, to engage in his favorite pursuit. The priests gave us a pair of his shoes, such as he always wears on these occasions.

“A very interesting conversion occurred in Pulney, a short time ago. A man of high-caste had come across some portions of Scripture, or some tracts; and his interest was so much excited, that he came and talked with the catechist about them. This catechist, a very godly man, told him of the way of salvation opened by Christ; and God graciously sent his Spirit and touched the heart of this poor sinner, so that he accepted Jesus as his only Saviour.

“He once talked with me about his conversion. Though I could not make out very clearly all that he said, I could understand that he was very, very happy; more so than he could express.

“It gives one new inspiration to listen to such persons, who were once zealots for their false religion, as they talk with their heathen friends, and tell them of the new and better way.”

A HINDOO MARRIAGE.

“Did you ever hear a description of a Hindoo marriage? The sight is a novel one, I can assure you. The last one I witnessed was the wedding of the pastor's daughter, who is to be at our station hereafter. If the friends are well-to-do, the bride is generally robed in a gay silk cloth. Her head is always covered with bright yellow chrysanthemums,—the natives' favorite flower; her hands and arms are all marked up with sandal-wood powder, which gives her a decidedly

heathenish appearance ; and heavy wreaths of flowers are hung about her neck.

“The ceremony is completed by tying around her neck what is called the ‘*tabli*.’ At this juncture comes the exciting point ; for she generally feigns extreme weakness, lolling her head down, and seeming to have quite lost all existence, or else she suddenly revives, and makes desperate struggles, so that it is very difficult to tie the knot. After the ceremony is finished, wreaths are put around the principal guests, the betel-leaf is passed, and limes, after which all are sprinkled with rose-water.”

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

“Our little mud hut, at a village nine miles from home, is finished, and we shall go there soon after we leave the hills. I can now understand the greater part of what the Tamil people say, which encourages me very much. I hope to give less time to study, and more to actual labor for these poor people, during the year to come.”

TURKEY.

PROGRESS.—1865 to 1870.

BY MRS. H. E. BAKER.

MRS. PRATT of Marash, in 1864, went from house to house among the people of that city, urging the parents to send their daughters to school. She met with a tolerable degree of success, and a beginning was made. A native teacher, a woman, of course, as she was to teach girls, was employed, though with much opposition from the first.

“But, though she did her best, she failed to overcome this opposition, especially that of the *men* ; and they, influencing their

wives, succeeded in depriving her of the respect which was her due, and also of the influence which it was necessary she should have in order to the prosperity and continuance of the school. When Mrs. Coffing arrived at Marash, in 1865, most of the girls had left the school, and the teacher had well-nigh become disheartened. The men called her a brazen-faced fool, for attempting to teach, a thing no woman could do ; at least, no *Armenian* woman could expect to do it. The women called her crazy, because she did not seek or improve opportunities for matrimony. Some called her proud ; some accused her of wishing to become " Frank ;" and all turned from her with scorn or cutting indifference.

" Mrs. Coffing at once took up the matter. She talked with the men, striving to reason away their prejudices, explaining to the complainers, ridiculing the suspicions of the jealous, and contradicting false reports concerning the teacher. She went from house to house, pursuing a similar course with the women. She enlisted the native pastors on her side, and took care to go no farther than she was sure they would go with her.

" At the same time she took counsel with the teacher herself, showing full sympathy with her, and holding up her hands in every possible way. She declined invitations even to suppers and weddings, where the teacher was not also invited to go ; striving in every way to prove to all, that she considered her position an honorable one, and also that she respected her for filling the place so well.

" In 1870, Mrs. Coffing writes, ' I have the satisfaction to-day of knowing that next to the two pastors and the native teacher in the theological school, she is the most respected and beloved person in Marash.' "

Now, also, there are not only one but four female teachers employed and paid by the Protestant community in that place. Only two men are now teaching there ; and they would not have been employed if women had been found for the places they

hold. At the beginning of the school, the main object of the parents was to be relieved of the care of their children ; and they therefore sent them to school at sunrise, and expected them home only about sunset, — a long day for the teacher. Now the schools, of which there are seven established, begin at nine, have an hour's recess at noon, and close at four. Then, upon the same principle of relieving the parents, twelve whole months in every year was the school session ; now there are three vacations, comprising eight weeks in the whole.

“In 1865, each scholar in the school, were they twenty or a hundred and twenty, must have his lessons by himself, making as many classes as pupils. To this course all were bound, parents, school committees, and teachers ; and a hard task indeed was it to meet and overcome their prejudices in its favor. Slowly, however, they came to consent to a change ; and, in 1870, all are classified, even to the alphabetarians.

“Of the girls in one of these schools, the one of which Mrs. Coffing has the more immediate charge, twenty-eight are hopefully Christians, out of thirty-one in attendance last year. Surely the teachers have reason for encouragement in their labors ; and though some days are dark to their eyes, yet they may feel that God sets his own seal of approval on their earnest and faithful efforts.

“In 1854, a church was organized in Marash, consisting of sixteen persons. Now there are two prosperous churches, including five hundred and sixteen members, whose contributions during the last year amounted to more than nineteen hundred dollars. Besides their other gifts to the Lord, the women of these churches wash, mend, and bake for twenty-five theological students connected with the seminary located there. Nine-tenths of the church-members earn a bare living by hard labor, their daily wages amounting to only thirty cents in gold. They give until they feel it ; some of them having cheerfully consecrated one-fifth of their income to church purposes the last year.”

Home Department.

As one method of bringing our society as a real, living agency before some who had not yet engaged with us in this work, the Executive Board of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Interior, at their meeting in May, appointed committees of ladies familiar with its operations, to attend the meetings of the various State associations of Congregational churches, as they occur during the summer and fall months, to confer with the ladies who might be present at these annual gatherings.

They were instructed to give information in regard to the object of the organization, and the success which has attended its labors hitherto; to urge the formation of new auxiliaries and the wider circulation of our little quarterly.

We have received reports of such meetings, held in Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and Ohio, indicating that the experiment is a successful one, resulting in the organization of several new societies, and an increase in the number of subscribers for **LIFE AND LIGHT**.

PROGRESS AT HOME.

It would give us pleasure, and greatly cheer the hearts of our missionary sisters, who must watch with deeper interest than we can estimate such indications of growing love for Christ's cause, could we report a larger accession to the number of our auxiliaries during the quarter now closing.

Still, this steady, regular increase is full of encouragement, and also the fact, that many of those contributing to our funds are proving themselves helpers also in other ways.

Many instances have come to our knowledge, in which ladies whose hearts have been stirred within them by the appeals of some earnest, loving missionary, or by that zeal that springs from personal effort to learn the wants of our own sex in heathen lands, have been instrumental, while visiting friends, in awakening the interest of others, and bringing about the organization of flourishing auxiliaries. Would there were very many more such efficient, willing workers in the field !

The Woman's Board of Missions for Missouri, recently organized, joins with us in efforts to spread missionary intelligence, and awaken enthusiasm in this good work. We welcome their co-operation, and hope to record multiplied tokens of new life and zeal resulting from the enterprise.

Oberlin, Ohio, has had an independent missionary society for a year or more ; but last May the members voted to become auxiliary to the W. B. M. I. They propose to assume the support of Mrs. Mumford, who goes out from them. Her field of labor is not yet assigned. We gladly join hands with them, and feel already new inspiration from their strength and enthusiasm.

We are accustomed to words of cheer from Jackson, Mich. Minds there seem to be ever busy and skilful in devising ways and means for awakening and sustaining missionary zeal.

Their secretary reports, that they have now a membership of one hundred and ninety, and seven hundred dollars were paid into their treasury during the year closing in April.

A correspondent in Iowa writes, "It is now two years since a friend and myself pledged ourselves to meet on the first Friday of each month, and pray for Foreign Missions. We have now four members that give regularly, and we receive occasional contributions from others.

"An elderly lady, eighty years of age, with two daughters of fifty and sixty years, has promised to send two dollars, if one of us will pay the money and take butter. This is encouraging ;

and now, if we can get butter or eggs, or any thing else that we can convert into money, we shall consider it quite an honor to enter into trade for the missionary cause."

Thus as helpers together in the same blessed work, whether the offering be one of personal labor, or money, or prayer and sympathy, we joyfully lay it at the feet of Him who hath redeemed us, and bought us with His blood.

To those who are seeking information in regard to the best method of organizing auxiliary societies, and conducting their meetings, we would recommend the last missionary paper, edited by Rev. S. J. Humphrey, Dist. Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M. The results of the experience of many different societies are there combined; and those interested in the matter cannot fail to find some hints which will be of value to them in entering upon such work.

These missionary papers, published two or three times a year, at irregular intervals, are full of information which will be prized by all who love to note the progress of Christ's kingdom.

They may be obtained, free of cost, by applying to Rev. S. J. Humphrey, 84 Washington Street, Chicago, if the order be accompanied by stamps sufficient to pay the postage, at the rate of two cents for every three copies.

A WORD TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PLEASE write legibly, giving, in your own address, the name of the State as well as of the town to which letters are to be sent; also, if a lady, state whether the title should be Mrs. or Miss.

Secretaries of auxiliary societies, who may receive letters from missionaries of the W. B. M. I., are requested to forward copies of such letters, or such extracts as may be of general interest, to the Recording Secretary, Miss Mary E. Greene, Evanston, Ill.

SOCIETIES AUXILIARY TO W. B. M. I.,

REPORTED SINCE NOV. 4, 1870.

OHIO.

Elyria.
Oberlin.

MICHIGAN.

Almira.
Armada.
Benzonia.
Dexter.
Kalamazoo.
St. Joseph.
Solon.
Wayne.

ILLINOIS.

Amboy.
Kewanee.
Oak Park.
Sandwich.
Waverly.

WISCONSIN.

Appleton.
Elkhorn.
Fond du Lac.
Fox Lake.
Janesville.
Janesville Juvenile Society.
Koshkonong.
Milwaukie, Olivet Church.
Oshkosh.
Plymouth.
Rosendale.
Sheboygan Falls.

Sparta.
Stoughton.
West Salem.
Whitewater Juvenile Society.
Whitewater Willing Workers.

IOWA.

Belle Plaine.
Bentonsport.
Fairfield.
Fond du Lac.
Lyons.
Manchester.
Monroe.
Mt. Pleasant.
Ogden Station.
Orford.
Oskaloosa.
Tabor.

MINNESOTA.

Medford.
Medford Juvenile Society.
Minneapolis.
Rochester.
St. Paul.
Winona.

KANSAS.

Manhattan.

DAKOTAH.

Yankton.

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Number of Western subscribers for LIFE AND LIGHT, since last October, 1,145. Total Number, 1505.

Number of Life-Members to W. B. M. I., 308.



SEPT.

PUBLISHED BY THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

1871.

THE PICNIC.

FROM MRS. WHEELER OF HARPOOT.

DEAR READERS OF THE ECHOES,— Would you like to have the echo that comes from this far-away land, where the rivers of Eden still flow? The blight of sin has fallen upon every thing here, unless I except the delicate flowers that often are found on these sandy, sterile hillsides, and seem truly to be “God’s smiles,” “remembrancers” of the beautiful garden which was once the abode of man in this land. When you hear us speak of the people here, you think of the turbaned Turk, who puts Mohammed in the place of Christ; but we do not labor directly for the Turks. Our work is among the Armenians, who trace their origin back to Togarmah, the grandson of Japheth. They have dark hair, and bright black or beautiful brown eyes. In manners they resemble the French, and are naturally more graceful than the English or Americans. Sometimes you call them heathen, but they resent this very much. In the fourth century,

more than fourteen hundred years ago, they received the Christian religion, and were called Christians, when your ancestors and mine were pagans, offering human sacrifices ; but their religion has always been one of forms, — the name without the power.

Now they have the Bible and the missionaries ; and, to show one of the results of their presence here, I would like to tell you of a picnic which we had during the Easter holidays. It was for the mothers and children connected with the girls' school in this city, and was a rare pleasure for these people, who have no such happy gatherings as you have in America. It would not be in keeping with the customs of the country to have the men and boys come ; so of course the women and girls only were present. We met in the Normal schoolroom. We first sang, "There is no name so sweet on earth ;" and, after a prayer, a few words were said on the meaning of Easter. Then some of the larger girls gave us specimens of their knowledge in Bible-history. Two little girls repeated some extracts they had learned for the occasion ; and Paris, a sweet girl of thirteen, told us of Elijah fed by the ravens, and the story of the Shunamite woman. You have all heard these beautiful narratives ; but some were there that day who heard them for the first time.

Two Testaments, with bright-red covers and gilt edges, were presented, — one to the best scholar in the school, and the other to the native teacher to encourage her to be more faithful in the future. A few words were said to the mothers ; and the rest of the afternoon was given to social enjoyment.

We began to prepare for our little feast. I think you would have laughed if you had come in just then. What do you suppose the tables were ? Large cloths spread on the floor in front of the ladies and children ; also serving the purpose of crumb-cloths, table-cloths, and napkins. First came a woman with an armful of bread, which she placed round the table as you would plates. Then pilaff was brought in : some sour milk, — a favorite

dish here in warm weather ; egg omelet with parsley ; boiled beet-tops ; hard-boiled eggs, colored red, yellow, and magenta ; salted cheese ; a kind of sweetmeat made of mulberry-juice and flour or starch ; raisins, parched pulse, and dates ; and meat prepared with cracked-wheat. There was also food from the missionary families, which pleased both women and children so much, that they asked to take a small piece home to show to friends. What remained after we had all eaten was gathered together and given to the poor.

Do you wish to know the object of this picnic ? It is to interest the women in their own education. Many have been very much opposed to it, saying it would make woman masculine ; others have said, " Is she to be a priest, that she should read ? "

LITTLE GOLD.

BY MRS. CAPRON OF INDIA.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, — There is a little girl in my school whose name is Gold. That would be a good name for a child who wanted to go to heaven, and walk on golden streets, and wear a golden crown. Don't you think so ? Her father and mother are heathen. They tell dear little Gold, that, if she is naughty, a bad devil will come out of some tree and catch her ; and they make her fold her little fat hands every time she goes by a stone idol. She is afraid of the dark ; and I think some of you are too. *She* is afraid of the devils that her mother has told her about. Why should you have any fear, when you know that the dear heavenly Father never forgets you, and never goes to sleep ? Dear little Gold says, she doesn't care so much about it as she used to, since she has heard of Jesus, who is near her all the time, and wants her to go and live with him in Heaven. I am afraid that her father and mother will take her

away from school ; but they cannot take her away from Jesus, if she knows how to pray.

Many of you, dear children in America, have sent me money for heathen girls ; and little Gold will, perhaps, see you in heaven, and then you will be very glad for every thing you have done for them.

MISSION-CIRCLES.

The following acknowledgments will show an increased interest in this department of our work.

MAINE.

Ellsworth. — "Cup-Bearers," \$1.

Norridgewock. — "Busy Bees," for support of a girl in Mrs. Bissell's school, \$30.25

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston. — Old South Church. "Stoddard Cirele," \$5.

Boston Highlands. — "Highland Rill," for Mrs. Edwards's school, \$8.

"Little Sowers," \$5.

"Little Charlie B.'s home collection for the heathen," 50 cents.

Cambridge. — "Little Workers," for pupil in Mrs. Edwards's school, \$30.

"Willing Helpers," \$5.

Fall River. — "Willing Helpers," for support of two scholars in Miss Seymour's school, \$60.

Lawrence. — "Nightingale Cirele," \$40.

Maynard. — "Rising-Star," \$5.

Newburyport. — "Bellville Mission Band," for support of a Bible-reader, \$50.

Wakefield. — "Mission Helpers," \$30.

Winchester. — "Seek-and-Save Society," of which \$2.50 being the contents of a little brown bank, \$8.

CONNECTICUT.

Greenwich. — "Mission-Circle," \$16.

Glastenbury. — Juvenile Missionary Society, to constitute Miss Sarah F.

Kittredge L. M., \$25.

New Haven. — "Grove-Hall Cirele," for support of "Harriet Tilva," Bible-reader, Madura, \$40.

"Truth-Seekers," for board of child in Mrs. Bissell's school, \$15.

The following are connected with our Philadelphia Branch:—

NEW JERSEY.

Orange.—“Orange Buds,” \$10.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia.—“Carrier Doves,” \$6.

“Plymouth May Flowers,” \$4.05.

NEW CIRCLES.

Reading reports a “Rill;” Randolph a circle; and Malden one, composed of fifty members, called the “Star Circle,” forming a constellation that has just begun to send forth bright rays, which they hope will one day lead many little ones of the East to the holy child Jesus.

WILLING HELPERS.

OUR “Willing Helpers” in Fall River have recently enriched the treasury of the Woman’s Board of Missions by giving a very unique entertainment in the chapel of their church. Their secretary says, “The room was elaborately and tastefully decorated, the children dressed in white, and looking as lovely as angels. The evening was perfect, our friends came in crowds, and the proceeds amounted to about a hundred dollars.” The programme of the entertainment is given below, and may furnish some suggestions to “Circles” wishing to follow this bright example.

I'll sing the glory of the Lord	Song.
Our two scholars at Harpoot	Dialogue.
Labor for Christ	Song.
My Little Offering	Recitation.
Who will send or go	Song.
Life in the Zenana	Dialogue.
All for Jesus	Recitation.
Hymn	

SEEK-AND-SAVE CIRCLE.

WE wish to make grateful mention of some substantial results of the diligent seeking, as well as the careful savings, of one of our wide-awake Mission-Circles, the "Seek-and-Save Society" of Winchester. During the winter its members have had weekly meetings to prepare for a Fair held early in May. The little girls made many beautiful articles; and the boys, catching their spirit, brought gifts of evergreens, flowers, fancy wood-cups turned by their own hands, boxes and brackets, all-sufficient to cover five tables in the large vestry of the church. These, with tasteful decorations, a flower-arbor, tables of confectionery, a refreshment room with its tempting bill of fare, and an art-gallery, formed the chief attractions of the occasion. The children sold tickets to all their friends, who thronged the vestries, liberally patronized the tables, and brought the amount of the net proceeds of this, their first Fair, up to five hundred and thirteen dollars.

MAY WE COME IN?

A FEW months ago, a Young People's Mission-Circle was organized in connection with the Congregational Sunday School at Jamaica Plain; and now, with a gentle tap at the hospitable door of the "Woman's Board of Missions," we would ask permission to join the "goodlie companie" of helpers in the work. We number about fifty, most of whom pledge a certain sum per week; and we find that every penny counts. We are sometimes inclined to think that those which are earned count two. We hope to support two scholars, one at Mrs. Edwards's school, and the other at Harpoot.

S. E. S., *Treas.*

Twenty-five copies of the "Children's Quarterly" can be obtained for one dollar a year, or one hundred for four dollars, by sending to Secretary W. B. M., 33 Pemberton Square, Boston.

Minnie's Plan Complete.

MRS. EDWIN WRIGHT.

ONCE more 'neath the shade of the old willow-tree
The children are gathered, — a group fair to see.
Minnie and Kittie, with grave, thoughtful mien,
Backward and forward are pacing the green ;
While Laura and Nettie, and Miriam Cook,
Are quite as absorbed in a seeming blank-book.
On a root of the willow which peers above ground,
The rest of the children are seated around,
Or gathered in knots of two, three, and four ;
Their bright eyes and dimples with smiles running o'er.
The Willow had put on his holiday-dress,
And o'er them stretched out his arms as to bless ;
And the sunshine nodded approval in beams
Which bathed their fair locks as with bright golden gleams :
But sudden the clock on the church-tower pealed three ;
And hushed were the tongues, and silent the glee.
Then, as if agreed, they fell into place,
And fixed eager eyes on Minnie's sweet face ;
While Miriam fingered the leaves of her book,
And John from his pocket a letter-sheet took.
Then Minnie, as though to preside she were born,
Or to parliament gatherings always had gone,
Said, " Children, we often have met in this spot
When fair days and sunshine have fallen to our lot :
Nor need I repeat what success we have had,
Nor how by our Sale our hearts were made glad ;
For here is our scribe, to whom we'll attend."
And heedful upon her their bright eyes did they bend,
As simply she sketched, in fresh, girlish phrase,
Their first feeble thought, and then their amaze
That God should have given them favor and grace
To move on every heart in the place.
" For," said she, " we know it was He went before,
And, as we oft read, ' blest our basket and store ;'
'Twas he gave us patience to work day by day,
And made e'en our labor more pleasant than play,

And taught us to love the heathen far more
Than ever we thought we could do before.”
And then, as in picture, the tables she drew, —
The flowers in bouquets as fresh as they grew ;
Things curious and strange from far heathen lands,
From China, from India, and Afric's gold sands ;
The fanciful trinkets of boyish device ;
The tiny eard-baskets of red wax and rice ;
Air-castles and lanterns of paper and straw ;
And tip-carts of wood for babies to draw ;
Brackets and tripods, and wall-baskets too,
With bags made of patch, just fit for a shoe ;
The grab-box, the fish-pond, the “ gall'ry of art,”
And the fun and the frolic, in which all took a part.
Then Johnnie's fat shoulders gave one little shrug,
And he squirmed in his seat like a poor, writhing bug,
But soon gathered heart, and rose to his feet,
And opened the paper folded so neat,
And with full boyish voice, and gleam in his eye,
Read sums far exceeding hopes the most high :
“ Received seventy dollars from candies and cakes,
And forty-five more from grab-boxes and shakes ;
Grand table of fancies, one hundred and four,
And sale of things useful just as much more ;
From flowers in the bowers, and bouquets sold in hall,
Sixty-four dollars and ten cents in all ;
From gallery of art, pictures, and books,
One hundred and thirty, or that's how it looks :
Sum total, five hundred seventeen and ten ;
Take out the expenses, and yet we have then
Four hundred and ninety and five dollars clear,*
And hope to raise just as much more next year.”
A unanimous breath of surprise and delight,
A flashing of eyes which were erst full of light,
Expressed the thanksgiving and joy of each heart.
And “ Whose penny was it ? ” the tree seemed to sigh
With every passing breeze that swept by ;
And methought, should each a soul saved represent,
To the Lord with sweet savor were this treasure lent.

* A fact.

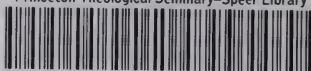
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Life and Light for Heathen Women

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